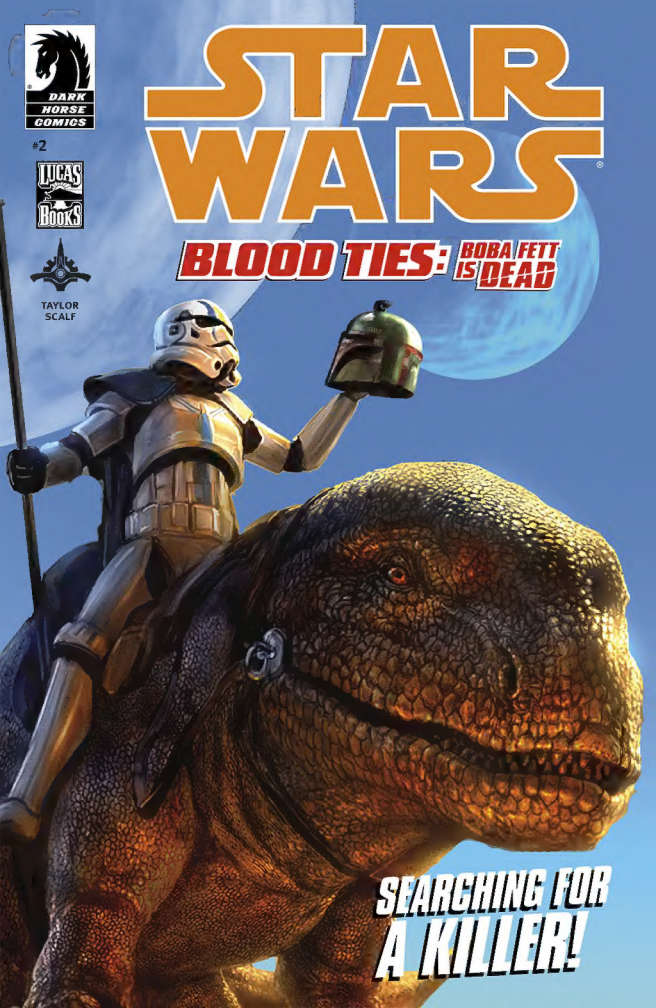
DARK HORSE COMICS
#2
LUCAS BOOKS
TAYLOR SCALF
STAR WARS
BLOOD TIES: BOBA FETT IS DEAD
SEARCHING FOR A KILLER!

STAR WARS®

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BLOOD TIES: BOBA FETT IS DEAD

PART 2 OF 4

Famed bounty hunter Boba Fett is dead, gunned down by a group of mercenaries. But tracking the killers—and the person who hired them—is a mysterious individual who has already left two of the hit squad dead in his path.

News of the murdered mercenaries resulted in an order to wipe all traces of Boba Fett from the galaxy. That includes anyone connected to him or related to him, no matter how remotely.

Connor Freeman, the son of one of Jango Fett's clones (and Boba Fett's half brother), was linked to these murders. As "officials" arrived and blew up Freeman's cantina, the mysterious tracker also showed up, rescuing Connor and arranging their escape . . .

THE RISE OF THE EMPIRE
(1,000–0 YEARS BEFORE THE BATTLE OF YAVIN)

After the seeming final defeat of the Sith, the Republic enters a state of complacency. In the waning years of the Republic, the Senate rife with corruption, the ambitious Senator Palpatine causes himself to be elected Supreme Chancellor. This is the era of the prequel trilogy.

The events in this story take place approximately one year before the Battle of Yavin.

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VITAL SIGNS ARE GOOD.
WHEN WILL HE REGAIN CONSCIOUSNESS?
HOW SHOULD *I* KNOW? I DON'T USUALLY SEDATE MY PATIENTS.
I USED ALL THE SEDATIVE I HAD -- BUT I BOUGHT THAT STUFF IN AN ALLEYWAY ON NAR SHADDAA. I'M NOT EVEN POSITIVE IT *IS* SEDATIVE.
ONE THING'S FOR SURE. HE'S GOING TO BE SHOCKED WHEN HE COMES AROUND.
I IMAGINE SO, DOCTOR EVAZAN.
I DID WHAT I COULD WITH WHAT I HAD --

-- BUT YOU CAN'T REATTACH AN ARM IF YOU CAN'T FIND IT.
MMMMRRR!

MRRRRR!
IF HE KEEPS THAT UP, HE COULD LOSE THE NEW ARM. ALSO, HE MIGHT DROWN.
AND TREATING HIM FOR DROWNING WILL COST YOU EXTRA.
MRRR!
SPLOOSH!

HUUUUR!
YOU NEED TO STAY STILL. THE TRANSPLANT IS--
NAAAGHHH!
WHERE ARE WE?
WHERE'S QUINNY?
CALM DOWN!
DO YOU WANT TO LOSE A SECOND ARM THIS WEEK?
DOCTOR EVAZAN ISN'T EXACTLY KNOWN FOR HIS GENTLE PROCEDURES.
AND YOU WON'T HAVE THE BENEFIT OF BEING UNCONSCIOUS IF I NEED TO OPERATE AGAIN.

WHO ARE YOU?
NOT HERE.
COME ON.
WELL?
YEAH. I SUPPOSE YOU LOOK A BIT LIKE ME.

AND I'M GUESSING YOU STOLE MY IDENTI-TABS.
BUT TELL ME, HOW DID YOU FIX THAT GIANT BLASTER HOLE IN YOUR HEAD, FETT?
YOU DON'T SEEM SURPRISED.
I JUST WOKE UP IN A BACTA TANK WITH A LUMP OF METAL WHERE MY ARM SHOULD BE, AFTER BEING BLOWN UP BY A LOW-ORBITING WARSHIP.
I DON'T HAVE ANY MORE "SURPRISED" LEFT IN ME.
NOW, WHY AREN'T YOU DEAD? THOSE BOUNTY HUNTERS SAID YOU WERE.
A GROUP OF PEOPLE LIKE THAT, TRACKING YOU ACROSS THE GALAXY, DOESN'T GO UNNOTICED. I KNEW THEY WERE COMING.

"I WAS HUNTING A MAN ON BATHIEMON..."
HNN.
SLRRRR
ZA-DOW!
STUPID MOVE, BENDAK.
I CRAWLED INTO AN *ACTUAL HOLE!* HOW THE HELL DID YOU FIND ME?
THE NATIVES DON'T LIKE PEOPLE USING THEIR BURROWS.
YOU DON'T HAVE ANY FRIENDS HERE.

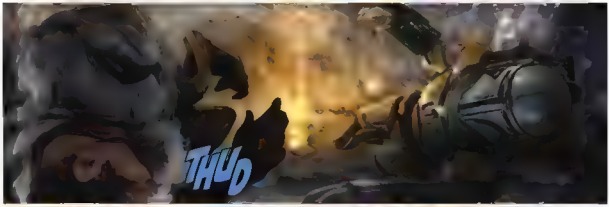
CHOOM!
NARGHH!

TAKE HIM.

HA!
LOOKS LIKE I *DO* HAVE FRIENDS AFTER ALL.

THEY'RE *NOT* YOUR *FRIENDS.*

DOW!
UHN!
DOW!

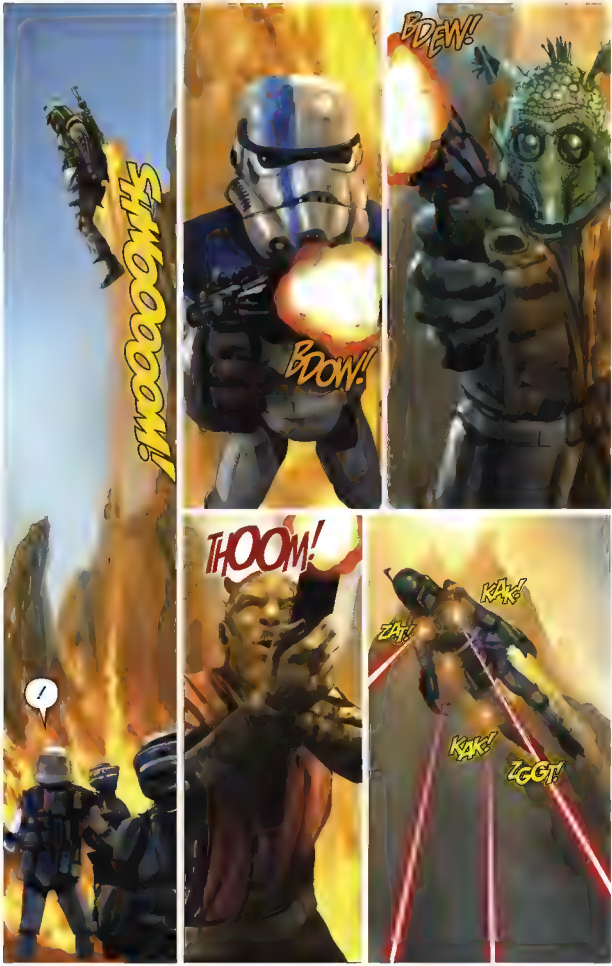

THUD

BOBA FETT! IT'S OVER.
SURRENDER PEACEFULLY.

AND THEN, WHAT?

THEN WE WILL SHOOT YOU CLEANLY.
OTHERWISE WE'RE GOING TO COOK YOU IN YOUR HOLE.

LAST WARNING. IT'S ABOUT TO GET A LOT HOTTER IN THERE, PET!
TIME'S UP.
TOAST HIM.
DOW!
FWWOOOOSH


SHWOOOMM!
BDOW!
BDEW!
THOOM!
KAK!
ZAT!
KAK!
ZGGT!

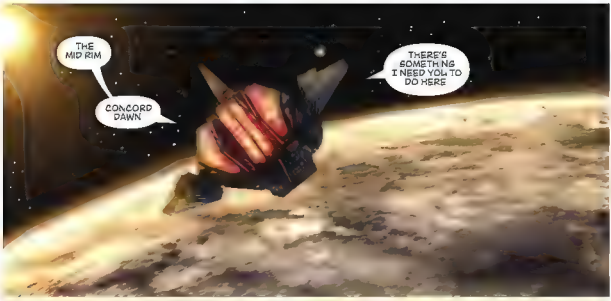
"HOW CONVENIENT --"

FOR YOU.
WHAT'S "CONVENIENT"?
YOU JUST HAPPENED TO BE HUNTING A MAN WHO LOOKED A BIT LIKE YOU AT THE EXACT MOMENT A HIT SQUAD CAME AFTER YOU.
NO

NO. YOU CHOSE SOMEONE ELSE TO DIE FOR YOU AND AFTER YOU'D LOST YOUR IDENTITY, YOU DECIDED TO TAKE MINE.
WHICH COST ME MY ARM, ALMOST COST ME MY LIFE, AND DEFINITELY COST ME MY BAR AND MY FRIEND

THIS IS YOUR ONLY WARNING. MEN DON'T SPEAK TO ME THAT WAY AND KEEP BREATHING.

YOUR FRIEND ISN'T DEAD.
WHAT?
I PULLED QUINNY OUT OF THE FIRE. HE WAS SINGED BUT ALIVE WHEN I LEFT HIM ON ATZERR.
HE TOLD ME TO TELL YOU IT'S JUST AN ARM.
YEAH?! WELL, THAT'S EASY FOR HIM TO SAY. HE'S GOT FOUR OF THEM!
THANK YOU... FOR QUINNY.
WHEN I USED YOUR DENTI-TABS, I WASN'T MY INTENTION TO INVOLVE YOU IN THIS.
BUT YOU'RE DEAD NOW.
DO YOU UNDERSTAND ME? UNTIL I CAN FIND THE PERSON WHO THINKS HE KILLED ME, YOU'RE DEAD TOO.
I UNDERSTAND. SO, WHERE TO NOW?
SOMEWHERE A DEAD MAN CAN WALK AROUND SAFELY WITHOUT ATTRACTING ATTENTION --
-- MANDALORIAN SPACE.


THE MID RIM
CONCORD DAWN
THERE'S SOMETHING I NEED YOU TO DO HERE

THERE'S A BOUNTY HUNTER HERE BY THE NAME OF *SINTAS VEL*. I WANT VEL PROTECTED
IF THIS PLANET IS SO *SAFE*, WHY WOULD THIS BOUNTY HUNTER NEED *PROTECTION?*

VEL PROBABLY DOESN'T *NEED* PROTECTION, BUT IT WILL GIVE YOU SOMETHING TO DO UNTIL I GET BACK
YOU'RE *LEAVING* ME HERE? WHERE ARE *YOU* GOING?

BLACKFEL. THE STORMTROOPER COMMANDOS ARE STATIONED THERE
BLACKFEL? THAT WHOLE MOON IS A TRAINING FACILITY FOR THE EMPIRE!

YOU'RE GOING TO TRY TO GET PAST AN ENTIRE IMPERIAL LEGION SO YOU CAN FACE THEIR MOST *HIGHLY TRAINED KILLERS?*
IN THE BAG ARE CLOTHES, BLASTERS, AND ENOUGH CREDITS TO LAST YOU A YEAR

A *YEAR!* I'M NOT JUST GOING TO WAIT AROUND HERE FOR--
IF YOU WANT YOUR LIFE BACK, YOU WILL KEEP YOUR HEAD DOWN AND WAIT UNTIL I GET BACK.
TELL NO ONE I'M ALIVE, *ESPECIALLY* SINTAS VEL

I'LL FIND VEL--

--RIGHT AFTER I FIND A BAR

HEY!
YOU CAN'T SLEEP HERE!

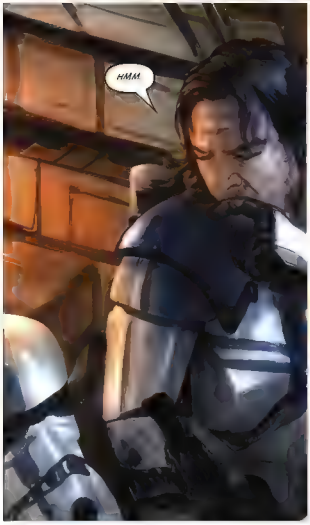
I CAN SLEEP ANYWHERE. IT'S A GIFT.
I'M LOOKING FOR A MAN CALLED SINTAS VEL. I'M A FRIEND

SINTAS VEL IS A BOUNTY HUNTER. BOUNTY HUNTERS AREN'T EXACTLY KNOWN FOR THEIR GREAT FRIENDSHIPS

OKAY... I'M A FRIEND OF SINTAS VEL, WITH 20 CREDITS FOR THE PERSON WHO TELLS ME WHERE TO FIND HIM.
I'M PRETTY SURE SINTAS VEL HAS MORE *GENEROUS FRIENDS*...

THAT'S BETTER. NOW LET ME POINT YOU TOWARDS YOUR *GOOD FRIEND*.

BLACKFEL.
UNIDENTIFIED CRAFT. YOU ARE ENTERING IMPERIAL SPACE. TRANSMIT CLEARANCE CODE AND STAND BY TO BE BOARDED.


HMM.

CHOOM!

UNIDENTIFIED CRAFT, I REPEAT, STATE YOUR BUSINESS AND TRANSMIT CLEARANCE CODE
FAIL TO DO SO, AND WE WILL SHOOT YOU OUT OF THE SKY

CHOOM!
CHOOM!

THIS IS SHUTTLE FALLON REQUESTING EMERGENCY LANDING ON BLACKFEL. THE SHIP'S ALMOST DONE. IT WAS A REBEL AMBUSH!
UNDERSTOOD. SLOW YOUR DESCENT AND PROCEED TO DOCKING BAY 12

TROOPER, YOU'RE COMING IN TOO FAST. SLOW YOUR DESCENT --
I CAN'T I --
CHOOM!

BOOM!
TROOPER!

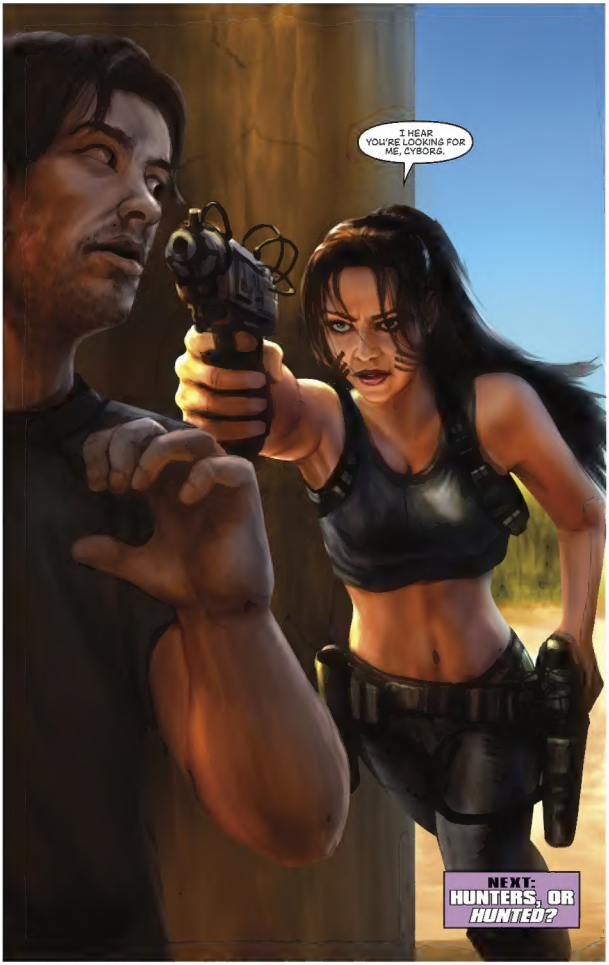
BLAST.
TAKE OUT THAT SHIP!

TAKE.

KRAAA-KOOM!
FOOSH

MEANWHILE, ON CONCORD DAWN...
KNOK-KNOK!

YES?
UM...HI. I'M LOOKING FOR SINTAS VEL?
YES.
YOU'RE SINTAS VEL?
YES.
THE BOUNTY HUNTER?
YES.
YOU HUNT AND CAPTURE DANGEROUS CRIMINALS?
I JUST CAUGHT YOU, DIDN'T I?
WHAT--?
CLIK


I HEAR YOU'RE LOOKING FOR ME, CYBORG.
NEXT:
HUNTERS, OR HUNTED?

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WRITTEN IN BLOOD

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